

EXEQUIÆ CAROLINÆ:

OR, A

POEM

ON THE

MARTYRDOM

OF

King Charles I.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1710.

EXEQUAE CANTUARIA

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O N T H E

Martyrdom of King *Charles I.*

FACTION and Schism that ope' the dreadful way
 For those to Govern, who could ne'er Obey ;
 The evil *Genii* on each Kingdom wait,
 To rend its Church, and overturn its State ;
 These have disturb'd the Peace of ev'ry Age.
 But greater Things who might not still presage,
 From holy Rebels, and religious Rage ?
 Rage ! in which, *Britons*, you your selves out-do,
 And Acts no Annals, but your own, can show.

T'have pull'd a Monarch from th' Imperial Seat,
 And mock'd Him, suff'ring, whom ye hated great :
 Would not his Glory, or your Crimes compleat :
 No, they shall bear the Ills themselves create ;
 Th' Almighty said, and what he said was Fate.
 Not finish'd yet the dismal Scene we find ;
 Confusion all before, but Murder still behind.
 Great Guilt does equal Expiations need,
 And 'tis a Royal Sacrifice must bleed.
 So Heav'n decrees, so Man their Value knows,
 When Heav'n recalls the Blessings it bestows ;
 Such Events tell the guilty World below,
 Vengeance is always sure, tho' sometimes slow :
 A bleeding Nation, and a murder'd King ;
 What Vengeance, *Albion*, all thy Guilt could bring
 Like this ? Thou sunk'st beneath th' oppressive Load,
 Of Cruelty at home, and Infamy abroad :
 Thy pow'rful Arms as dreadful as of old,
 Of which Fame has such glorious Wonders told :
 Tho' different thy Cause, were still the same,
 But thy Religion thy Reproach became,
 While prosp'rous Villany usurp'd its Name.
 How wretched then and dismal was its Fate,
 When Schism had tore the Church, as Faction shook the State,
 What swarms of Heresies the Land o'erspread,
 When the Defender of its Faith lay dead ?

Various

Various the Shapes in which she then appear'd,
 Various her Garb, but all with Blood besmear'd,
 In all Disguis'd, and yet in none Rever'd:
 Unlike her self when first sent from above,
 Instead of War t'instruct Mankind in Love;
 No Glories round her, no angelick Grace,
 To shew she e'er was of Celestial Race,
 But Arms were in her Hands, and Fury in her Face.
 A Pharasaic fullness sat there,
 And gloomy Frowns disguis'd the Heav'nly Fair,
 The Looks and Form that Schism and Faction wear.
 Curst Schism! that with the shams and false pretence
 Of holy Zeal, and faintish Innocence,
 The Beauty of her Holiness had stain'd,
 Defil'd her Temples, and her Rites profan'd.

But whilst we thus felt the Almighty's Rod,
 And mourn'd like *Israel* the lost Ark of God,
 Heav'n did the King and Saint in's Suff'rings bless,
 And only curst the Rebels with Success:
 Success! that sanctify'd the fatal Cheat,
 And made them Wretched, tho' it made them Great:
 And glory, that they meant the Nation's good,
 Who spent their own, to spill their Sov'reigns Blood
 In which they wash'd their Hands, with the pretence
 And boast, they did it too in Innocence:
 A Sacrifice, since first the World ador'd,
 With Sacrifice and Praise th' Almighty Lord,
 Unknown to Mortals, and by God abhor'd.

With hypocritic Zeal they Heav'n invoke,
 To see the Murder, and approve the Stroke:
 They Pray, but Angels stop'd the impious Pray'r,
 And Martyr'd Saints forbad its entrance there:
 But while they thus mock God, the Martyr's crown'd,
 And whom they sought in vain, Bless'd *Charles* has found.

FINIS.